The Genius of True English-men.

Tacitus de vit. *Jul. Agr. cap.* 13. Britanni delectum ac Tributa & Injuncta Imperij Munera impigri obeunt, si Injuriæ absint, has ægri tolerant; Jam domiti ut *pareant nondum* ut Serviant.
The Britains *are a sort of People that pay very freely all manner of* Tributes *and* Taxes *to the Empire* Loyally Imposed, *but cannot endure* Injuries; *and had rather* Perish *than live as* Slaves.

THe Free-born *English* Generous and Wise,
Hate Chains, but do not Government despise;

Rights of the CROWN, Tributes and Taxes they,
(When Lawfully demanded) freely pay:

Force they abhor, and Wrongs they scorn to bear,
More guided by their Judgement than their Fear,
JUSTICE with them is never call'd Severe.

Here Power by Tyranny was never got,
LAWS may (perhaps) Enslave, but FORCE cannot.

Rash Councels here have still the worst Effect,
The surest way to Reign, is to Protect.

KINGS are least safe in their Unbounded Will,
Joyn'd with the wretched Power of doing ill;

Forsaken most when they're most Absolute,
LAWS guard the MAN, and only bind the Brute.

To Force that Guard with the worst so to joyn,
Can never be a Prudent KING's Design,
What KING would change to be a *Catiline*?

Break his own Laws, shake an *unquestion'd Throne*,
Conspire with Vassals to Usurp his own.

'Tis rather some base Fav'rites Vile Pretence,
To Tyrannize at the wrong'd KING's Expence.

Let *France* grow Proud beneath the Tyrants Lust,
Whilst the *Rackt People* crawl and lick the Dust.

The Mighty *Genius* of this Isle disdains
Ambition, Slavery, and Golden Chains:

ENGLAND to *Servile Yokes* did never bow,
What *Conqu'rors* ne'r presum'd who dare do now?

ROMAN nor NORMAN never could pretend
To have Enslav'd, but made this Isle their Friend.

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